

"FLIGHT FROM EDEN!"

STILL
ONLY
20¢

Rima

THE JUNGLE GIRL

NO. 2
JULY
30614

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BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



DARK TROPICAL NIGHT
ENVELOPS THE DEEPEST
RECESSES OF THE
VENEZUELAN JUNGLE...



ONLY THE JAGUAR'S
COUGH DISTURBS THE
SILENCE... AS A SHADOWY
FIGURE SLIPS FROM A
RUPE HUT...

OLD NUFLO AND HIS
ANCIENT CANINES SLEEP
HEAVILY--UNAWARE OF
THE MAN DISAPPEARING
INTO THE DENSE FOREST...



NOW THE MAN
STANDS BEFORE
THE GNARLED
MONARCH OF THE
WOODS... HIS
EYES SEARCHING
FOR A TREASURE
ONCE BEHELD--
AND LOST!

WH-WHERE
IS SHE? OR...DID
I DREAM IT ALL...
IN MY FEVERED
MIND?



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NO... THIS
BANDAGE
IS REAL
ENOUGH!
MY LEG
STILL
ACHES!



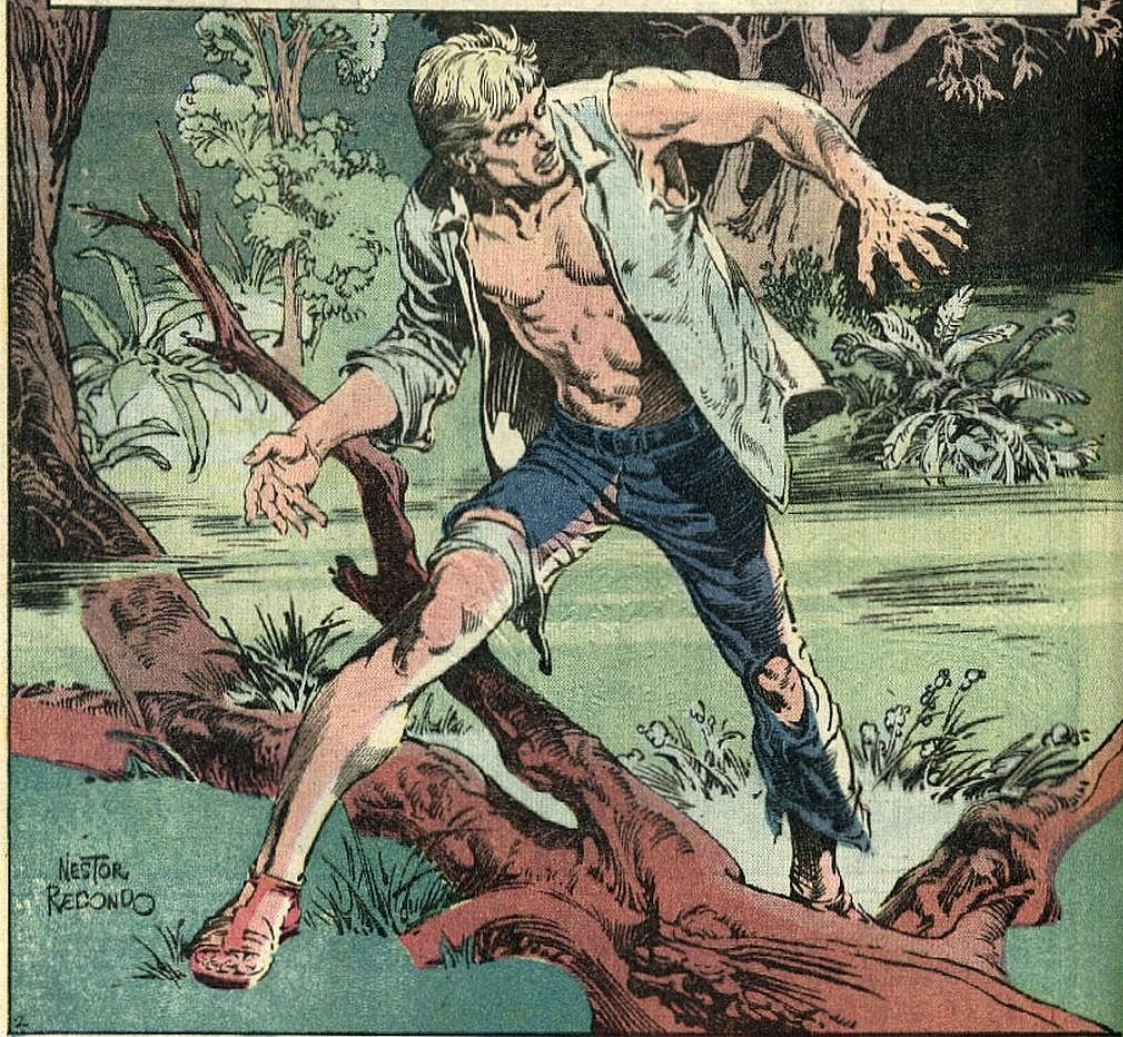
"WHEN WAS IT THAT I FIRST
HEARD THE BELL-LIKE
TRILL OF A WILD BIRD?
AND--I SAW HER--LIT
BY THE SUN'S GOLDEN RAYS."



"HOW COULD I KNOW THAT THE
BUSHMASTER WAS MERELY
TRYING TO PROTECT HER...
WHEN IT STRUCK ME?"



"AND WHEN I WOKE FROM
MY DELIRIUM... IN HER
GRANDFATHER NUPLO'S
HUT... SHE WAS THERE!
SHE HAD SAVED MY LIFE!"



NESTOR
RECONDO



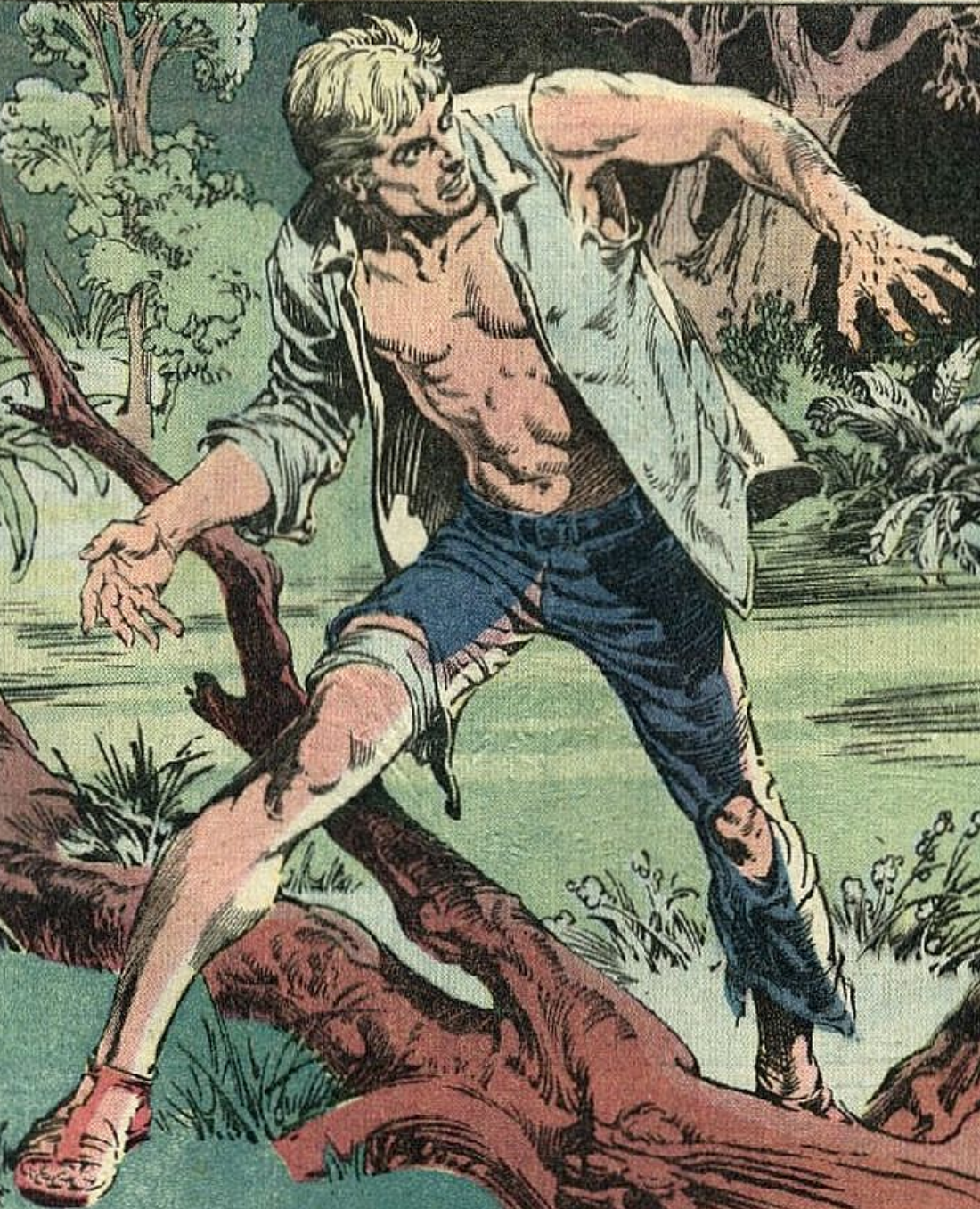
SUDDENLY--THE LOW, MENACING GROWL OF
A JUNGLE NIGHTSTALKER CATAPULTS HIM
INTO THE PRESENT... AS BRIGHT MOONLIGHT
GLEAMS OFF HIDEOUSLY BARED FANGS AND
DISTENDED CLAWS.

Rima

THE JUNGLE GIRL

PART 2

"FLIGHT from EDEN"





"HOW COULD I KNOW THAT THE BUSHMASTER WAS MERELY TRYING TO PROTECT HER... WHEN IT STRUCK ME?"



"AND WHEN I WOKE FROM MY DELIRIUM... IN HER GRANDFATHER NUFLO'S HUT... SHE WAS THERE! SHE HAD SAVED MY LIFE!"



SUDDENLY-- THE LOW, MENACING GROWL OF A JUNGLE NIGHTSTALKER CATAPULTS HIM INTO THE PRESENT... AS BRIGHT MOONLIGHT GLEAMS OFF HIDEOUSLY BARED FANGS AND DISTENDED CLAWS.

Rima

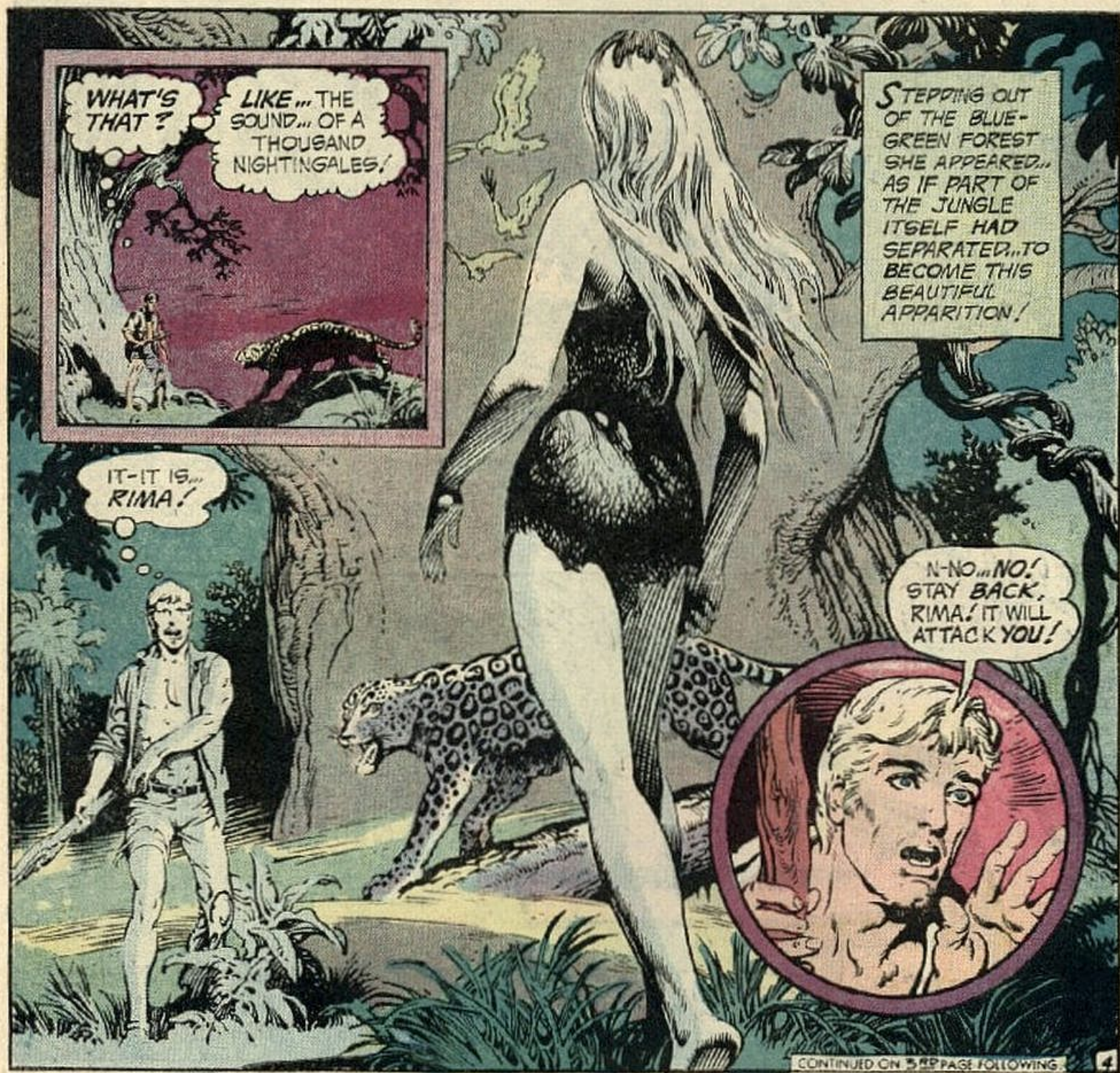
THE JUNGLE GIRL

PART 2

"FLIGHT from EDEN"



WEAK FROM HIS HEALING WOUND,
THE MAN GRASPS A FALLEN LIMB...
REALIZING IT CAN AFFORD HIM
LITTLE PROTECTION AGAINST THE
APPROACHING JAGUAR!



WHAT'S
THAT?

LIKE... THE
SOUND... OF A
THOUSAND
NIGHTINGALES!

STEPPING OUT
OF THE BLUE-
GREEN FOREST
SHE APPEARED...
AS IF PART OF
THE JUNGLE
ITSELF HAD
SEPARATED... TO
BECOME THIS
BEAUTIFUL
APPARITION!

IT-IT IS...
RIMA!

N-NO... NO!
STAY BACK,
RIMA! IT WILL
ATTACK YOU!

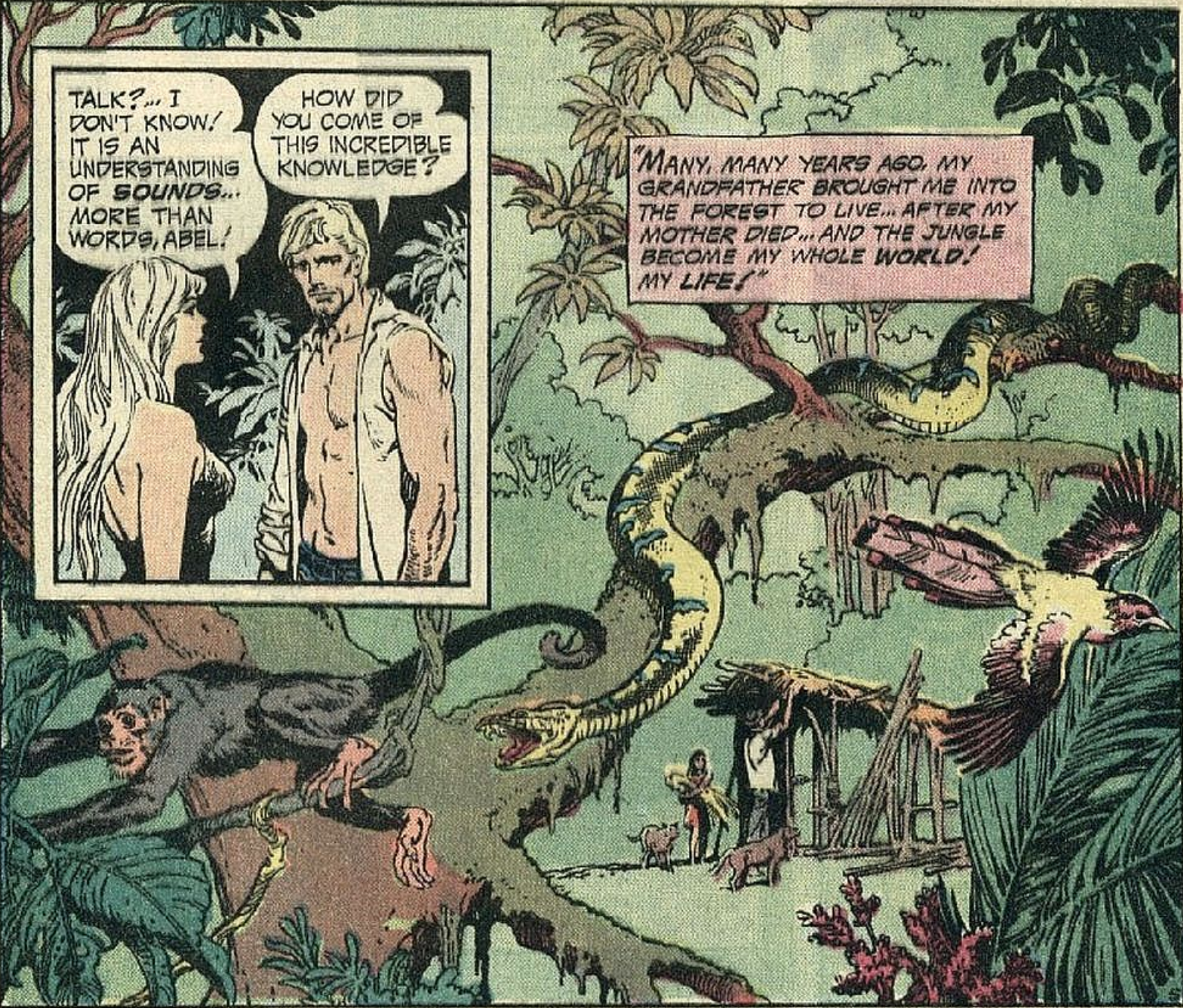


DO NOT FEAR
FOR MY SAFETY,
SEÑOR! WE ARE
GOOD FRIENDS,
THIS JAGUAR
AND I!



INCREDULOUSLY,
THE MAN WATCHED
A COMMUNICATION
BETWEEN WILD
BEAST AND GIRL...
UNTIL...

RIMA...
DID-DID
YOU TALK
TO THAT
ANIMAL?



TALK?... I
DON'T KNOW!
IT IS AN
UNDERSTANDING
OF **SOUNDS**...
MORE THAN
WORDS, ABEL!

HOW DID
YOU COME OF
THIS INCREDIBLE
KNOWLEDGE?

"MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, MY
GRANDFATHER BROUGHT ME INTO
THE FOREST TO LIVE... AFTER MY
MOTHER DIED... AND THE JUNGLE
BECAME MY WHOLE WORLD!
MY LIFE!"

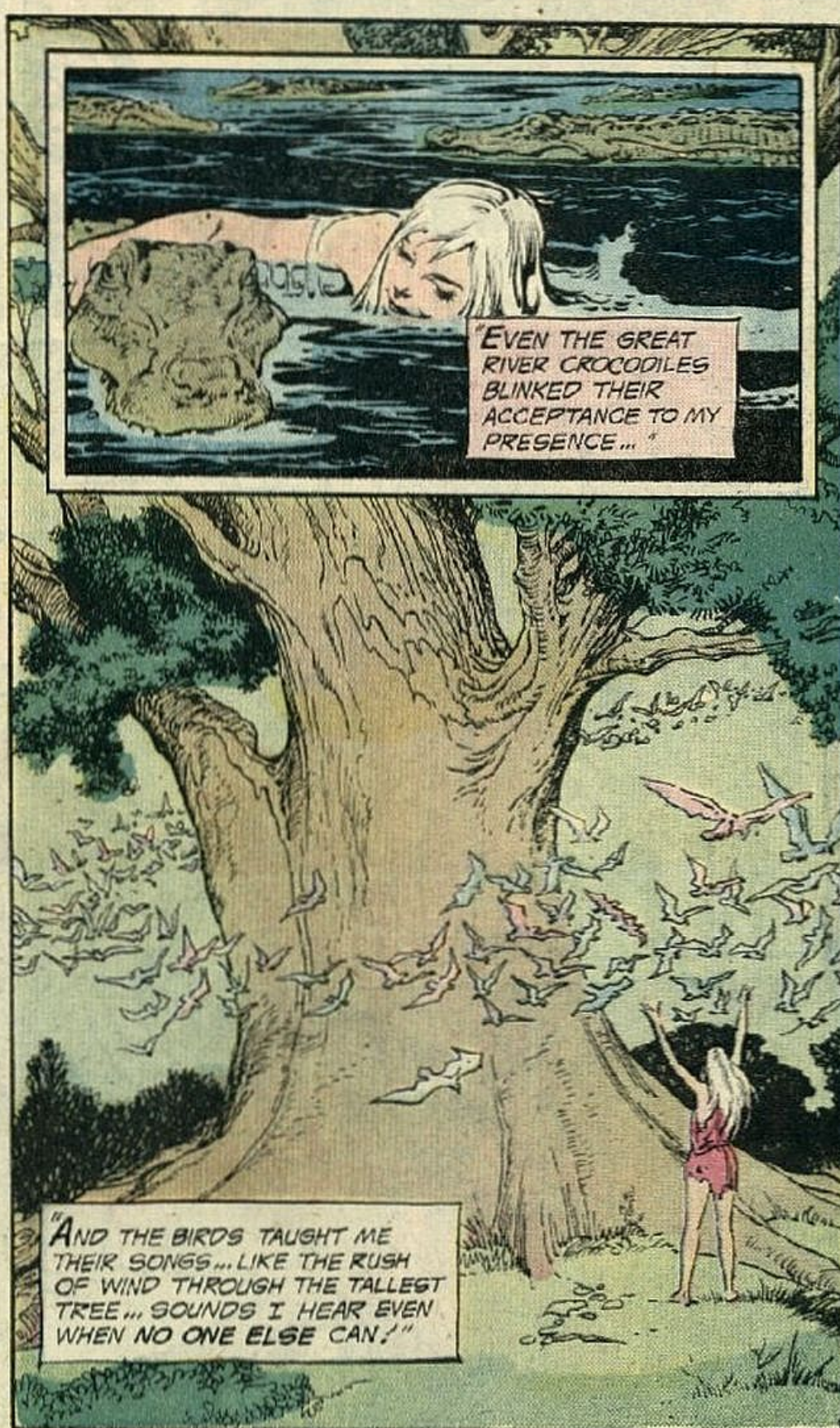
"I HELD NO PERIL FOR
THE WOODS-PEOPLE...NOR
THEY FOR ME! THEY ALLOWED
ME TO COME NEAR...TO BE
A FRIEND...TO LOVE THEM..."



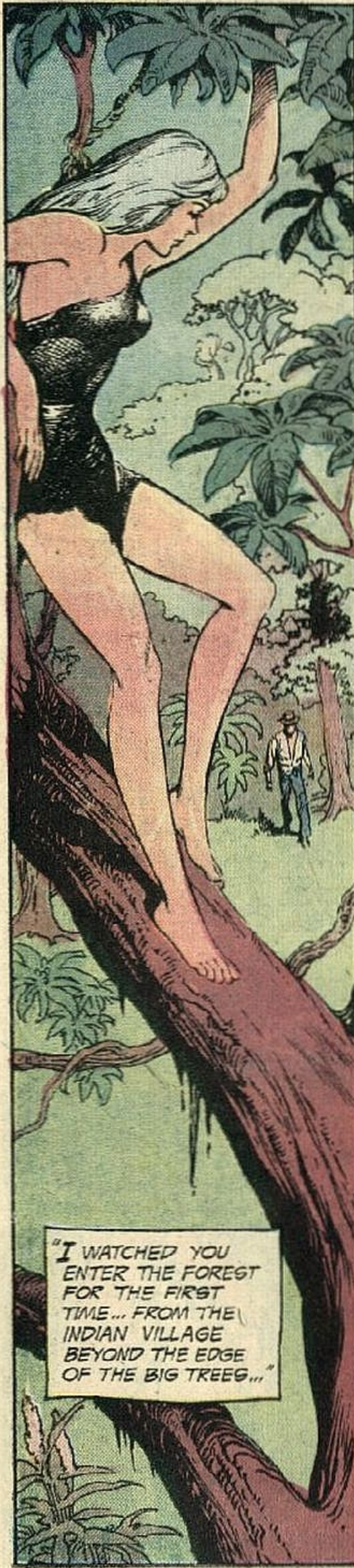
"POOR OLD GRANDFATHER
WOULD SIT IN THE HUT
BY THE FIRE...ALL DAY...
AND WITHOUT MY
FRIENDS I WOULD BE
ALONE...QUITE ALONE!"



"EVEN THE GREAT
RIVER CROCODILES
BLINKED THEIR
ACCEPTANCE TO MY
PRESENCE..."



"AND THE BIRDS TAUGHT ME
THEIR SONGS...LIKE THE RUSH
OF WIND THROUGH THE TALLEST
TREE...SOUNDS I HEAR EVEN
WHEN NO ONE ELSE CAN!"



"I WATCHED YOU ENTER THE FOREST FOR THE FIRST TIME... FROM THE INDIAN VILLAGE BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE BIG TREES..."



I HAD NEVER SEEN A MAN SUCH AS YOU, ABEL...

NOR I A WOMAN LIKE YOU, RIMA! THE AFFINITY YOU HAVE WITH THE JUNGLE BEASTS STILL AMAZES ME!



ALL LIFE IS OF ONE SPIRIT, ABEL... AND EACH LIVING THING IS CREATED TO HELP THE OTHER IF WE ALLOW IT!



...JUST AS THE JUNGLE SPIDER PERMITS ME TO USE HER WEB... FOR MY DRESS!

YOU SEE? IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO FIND PATCHES... IF THE MATERIAL WEARS!



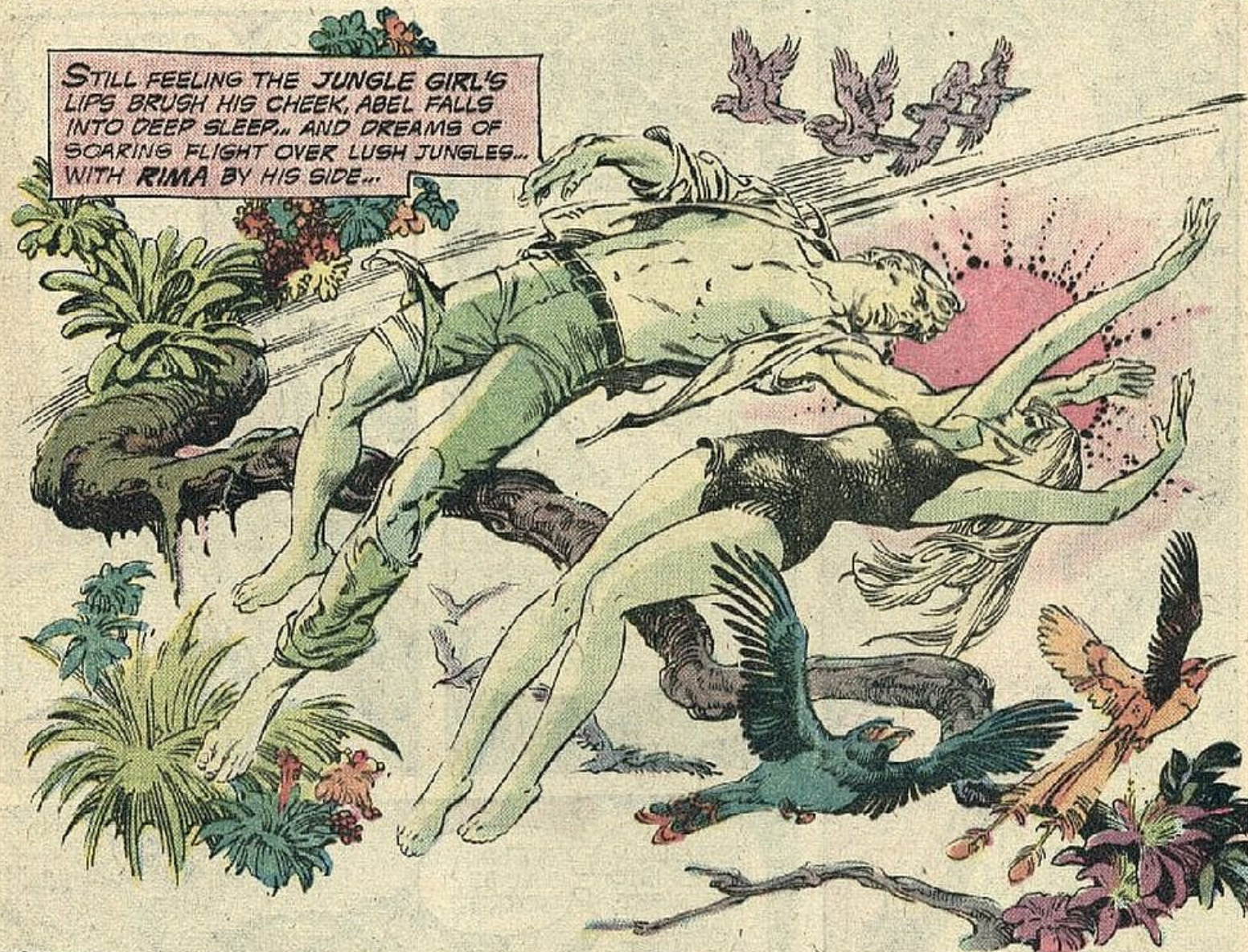
THE SUN SLICES INTO THE NIGHT, ABEL... WE MUST RETURN TO THE HUT!

NUFLO WILL BE WORRIED...

IT IS SO BEAUTIFUL HERE, IN YOUR GARDEN OF EDEN, RIMA!



STILL FEELING THE JUNGLE GIRL'S
LIPS BRUSH HIS CHEEK, ABEL FALLS
INTO DEEP SLEEP... AND DREAMS OF
SOARING FLIGHT OVER LUSH JUNGLES...
WITH RIMA BY HIS SIDE...





CONCEALED BY THE JUNGLE'S HEAVY VEGETATION, ABEL FOLLOWS THE OLD MAN FROM A DISCREET DISTANCE...



HOURS LATER...

WHAT SECRET DOES NUFLO HIDE...IN THE WOODS?

WAIT... THERE IS SMOKE IN THE DISTANCE! HE HAS A CAMPFIRE!



AHA, OLD MAN... YOU DO NOT WISH TO SHARE YOUR TREASURE OF MEAT WITH A STRANGER?

WHA--? Y-YOU FOLLOWED ME?

NO--YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! IT IS BECAUSE OF MY GRAND-DAUGHTER'S INTOLERANCE!



RIMA IS A STRANGE BEING! SHE WILL NOT EAT MEAT... NOR WILL SHE PERMIT ME TO TRAP ANIMALS FOR FOOD!

I-I DO NOT DARE ANGER HER... OR... OFFEND HER!



BUT NOW THAT YOU ARE-HERE... JOIN ME! THERE IS ENOUGH FOR ALL!

IT... DOES SMELL GOOD! AND I AM HUNGRY...

LATER... AS ABEL AND THE OLD MAN RETURN TO THE HUT...

RIMA... I DID NOT KNOW YOU WOULD BE WAITING...

I HAVE BEEN WITH YOUR GRANDFATHER!



AS THEY APPROACH, RIMA'S COUNTESSANCE CHANGES... AS IF HER BLOOD HAD BEEN SUDDENLY CHILLED!



WHY DO YOU TURN AWAY? RIMA...?

SHE... KNOWS!



AM I A CHILD... TO BE DICTATED A DIET? TO BE TOLD WHAT FOOD I AM TO EAT?

ENOUGH, NUFLO... I AM LEAVING!

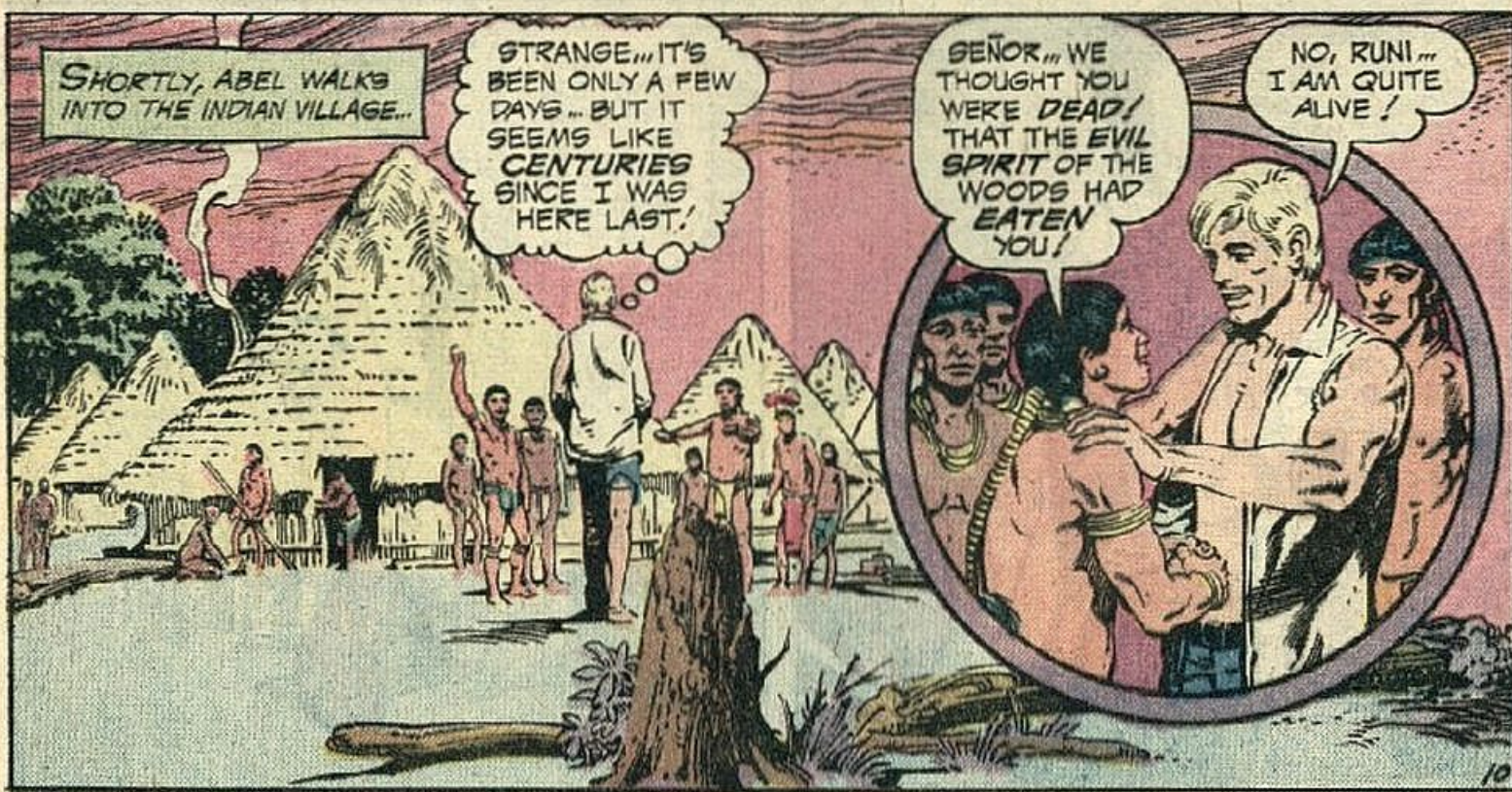


SHORTLY, ABEL WALKS INTO THE INDIAN VILLAGE...

STRANGE... IT'S BEEN ONLY A FEW DAYS... BUT IT SEEMS LIKE CENTURIES SINCE I WAS HERE LAST!

SEÑOR... WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD! THAT THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS HAD EATEN YOU!

NO, RUNI... I AM QUITE ALIVE!



THAT EVENING, THE TRIBE
CELEBRATES ABEL'S RETURN...



YOU ARE THE
ONLY MAN
EVER TO COME
BACK ALIVE
FROM THE
EVIL PLACE,
SEÑOR!

IT IS NOT
EVIL, RUNI...
BUT A
BEAUTIFUL
PLACE!

WHEN I
WAS POISONED
BY A SNAKE-BITE...
I WAS MADE
WELL BY--



...A MIRACLE?

NO...
A GIRL!
SHE
TOOK
CARE
OF ME...



SEÑOR...
SHE IS
A WITCH!
THE BEASTS
OF THE
WOODS DO
HER
BIDDING!

SHE CAN
CHANGE
MEN INTO
ANIMALS!

DO NOT GO
NEAR THAT PLACE
AGAIN... IF YOU
VALUE YOUR
SOUL!



THE MOON DIPS
TO THE HORIZON...
AND THE FEAST
IS OVER...

PERHAPS... SHE
HAS ALREADY
CAPTURED MY
SOUL?



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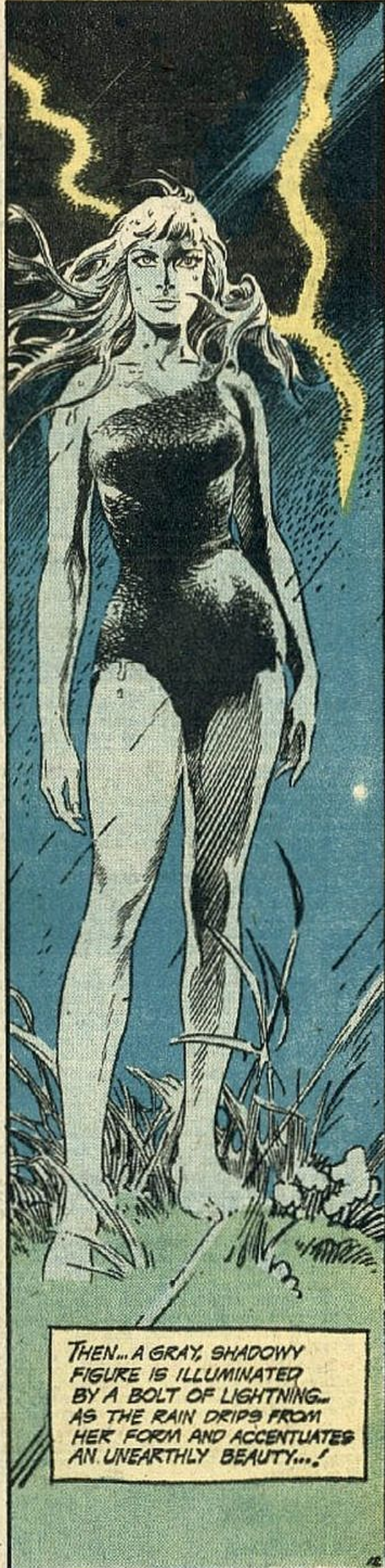
I-I CANNOT
ERASE HER
FROM MY
MIND.

I MUST
SEE HER
AGAIN!



THE **TREE**...
THE GIANT TREE!
IF SHE IS
ANYWHERE...
SHE WILL BE
HERE!

RIMA...
RIMA!
ANSWER ME!
WH- WHERE
ARE YOU?
RIMA!



THEN...A GRAY, SHADOWY
FIGURE IS ILLUMINATED
BY A BOLT OF LIGHTNING...
AS THE RAIN DRIPS FROM
HER FORM AND ACCENTUATES
AN UNEARTHLY BEAUTY...!



RIMA...

I AM
HERE... I
HAVE BEEN
WAITING.

AMIDST FLASHING
LIGHTNING AND
RUMBLING THUNDER
AND POURING
RAIN... A PRIMAL
FORCE MERGES
TWO BEINGS INTO
ONE.



I DID NOT MEAN
TO TREAT YOU
UNKINDLY... TO HURT
YOU! WILL YOU
FORGIVE ME?

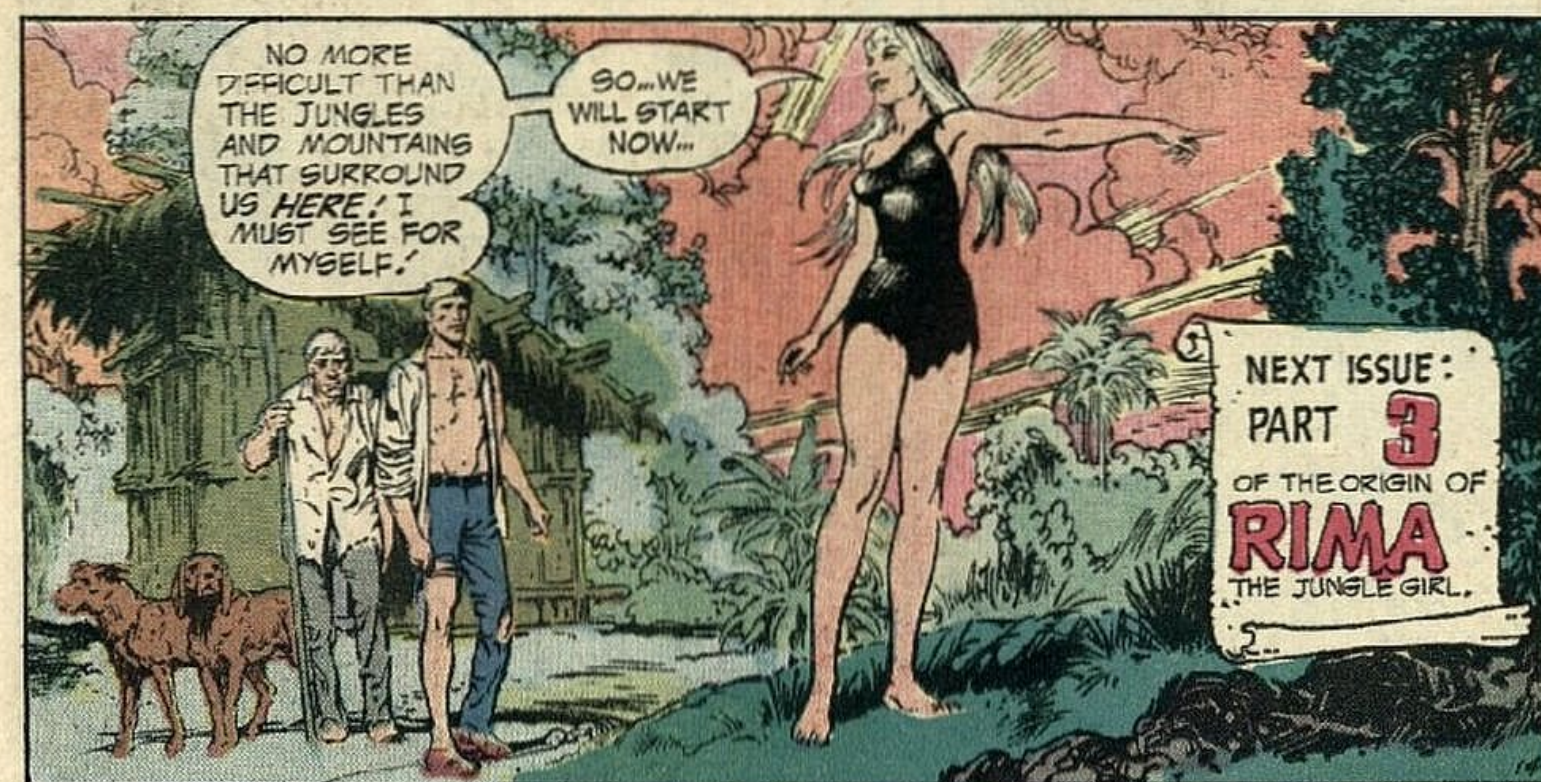


RIMA MAKES NO REPLY...
BUT TAKES ABEL'S HAND
AND LEADS HIM TO THE HUT...



AH, SEÑOR... YOU
HAVE COME BACK!
AND RIMA SMILES
ON YOU... SO YOU
ARE MOST
FORTUNATE.





THE RIDDLE OF THE DIDI

By Allan Asherman



From the beginning of recorded time, many strange stories have been told about spirits assuming human form, or of people possessing supernatural powers. And in areas of the world where the terrain is even more alien than its primitive inhabitants, the stories are most plentiful. Native taboos and folktales are numerous and frightening, but few are as strange as the reports that emanated in the first years of this century from the jungles of Venezuela. In the back country of Guayana that borders Colombia and Brazil, the first murmurings of an evil spirit of the woods... the "Daughter of the Didi"... attracted the attention of cynical wanderers and traders.

At the time, Venezuela was in the middle of a series of political upheavals. Revolutions were overthrowing government after government. Land changed hands innumerable times and people sometimes found themselves without money, deprived of their ancestral estates, and in jeopardy of their very lives. In the midst of all this, none could be spared to investigate stories of the "spirit girl" who terrorized the tribes in the shadow of Mt. Ytaioa. One man, a victim of the revolution known to most as "Mr. Abel," became the first outsider to venture into this wild, forbidden country. There he discovered the true beauties of nature in its purest state. And, more important, he became the first man to come face to face with the spirit of the jungle, the Evil Witch of Ytaioa.

But... WAS she evil? The natives said she was. They never ventured into the woods alone, even though the area abounded with countless animals and plants. It was said that those who dared her mysterious powers perished in a horrible way! Some never returned from her jungles. Still others emerged shattered by fear... whispering unbelievable tales of how their arrows had stopped in mid-air, spun around, and hurtled back at them.

One report tells of a fleeting glimpse of the spirit in the form of a woman, surrounded by a golden, glowing mist, guarding the entrance to her jungle. Around her feet were coiled serpents, while a great spotted cat stood ready to spring at anyone daring to attack the phantom woman. The snakes, it was reported, made no move to bite the woman. The jaguars, savagely wild animals outside of the range of her influence, were seen to nuzzle her like tame kittens.

Another story spoke of the same mysterious haze, but described it as a whitish mist that covered the spirit's head, shoulders and upper arms. This was seen by a hunter who, looking upward into the great jungle trees, observed the jungle girl gracefully running and leaping along the

enormous branches... sixty feet above the floor of the jungle.

Unlike most legends of its type, the stories of this mysterious jungle girl do NOT include complaints of stolen food, disappearing children and other similar happenings. Apparently, whatever the spirit was, it did not leave its jungle haunts, and never invaded the surrounding villages. Or, at least, no stories of such activities reached the outside world.

The "Daughter of the Didi" was sometimes observed "conversing" with animals. It is not clear whether she actually spoke to them, or controlled them with her mind. It was said that her glowing eyes exercised a form of hypnotic control over man and beast. The first time Mr. Abel saw her, she was reclining on the ground, as a small bird danced near her hand (Witches traditionally have animal "familiar," who follow them around and converse with them).

On many occasions the jungle girl was heard but not seen. Natives venturing near the borders of her forest reported hearing the cries of unknown animals. These were attributed to be the calls of the mysterious woman... communicating with her bestial consorts. Then, these stories describe melodious, birdlike trillings. In some cases, the listener reported that the sounds followed him, sometimes coming from far distances, and other times from a few feet away... But there was never any visible indication of the "spirit of the woods."

It is also said the phantom girl had powers over the insects of the jungle, and her garment being woven of spiders' webs.

There are various facts which make the possibility of the girl's existence difficult to prove.

For instance, the climate of the Venezuelan jungle, in which forceful and prolonged rainstorms are common. Unless the girl was in perfect health she could not have survived. Also, every description refers to her as being a white woman. Where could she have come from? How could she have adapted to this most hostile of environments? Unless she really WAS a spirit, in which case, of course, her existence would be even more incredible.

Was she real... Or a product of superstitious imaginations? Did "Mr. Abel" really share his adventures with this jungle girl?

Judge for yourselves.